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A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO THE ART OF FILMS AND FILMING



Vanessa Redgrave



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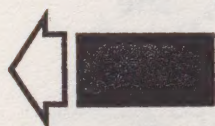
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Meet - - - SAMANTHA JONES



By RON RIEDER

Hollywood—

They loved Sam in *Outer Mongolia*. She was the first high fashion model from the western world ever to visit that country.

In the last two years, lanky, (5-foot 9) blonde Samantha Jones also has been photographed throughout Europe, as well as in Russia, India, Africa, China, Japan, Greenland and Mexico.

The green-eyed Canadian beauty would habitually "stop over" to tour any country in which she had a modeling assignment.

Now, at 22, a veteran global traveler and much-sought-after international model (seen in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Look* Magazines), Sam has unpacked her luggage long enough to concentrate on acting, making her motion picture debut with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, Richard Crenna and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. in Warner Bros.' "*Wait Until Dark*".

Based on Frederick Knott's Broadway stage hit, the Technicolor suspense-drama was produced by Mel Ferrer and directed by England's Terence Young from a screenplay by Robert and Jane-Howard Carrington. Sam plays a mini-skirted model who serves as a courier for international dope smugglers, whom she seeks to doublecross. Her duplicity costs her her life.

Because she has always aspired to become a film actress, Sam turned down the opportunity to model a 1967 Paris collection for a major fashion magazine in order to appear in "*Wait Until Dark*".

Producer Ferrer, seeking an international touch, did two days of location shooting on colourful old Laval Street in Montreal from which Sam smuggles the dope. The majority of the film location filming was done at fabled St. Luke's Place in Greenwich Village, New York.

Samantha Jones was named Linda Manhart when she was born in New York on May 21, 1944. She soon moved to Canada and grew up in Ottawa.

An occasional actress since childhood, she studied television and radio acting at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, played numerous ingenue roles with the Phoenix Players of Ottawa and participated in several of that city's annual Festival of Arts.

In 1963, Sam won first place in the Canadian Educational Drama Association's competition for her performance in Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen". Last year she studied mime in Paris. Before "Wait Until Dark", the vivacious Miss Jones was tutored by Lee Strasberg in New York.

Sam water-skiis ("very well"), rides ("badly"), dances ("groovy"). She has a passion for furs. Her collection now includes pelts of tigers, leopards, zebras and Icelandic ponies; coats of fox, wolf and racoon, and a cheetah skin dress. She does not travel without a favourite fur rug.

Crazy about animals, Sam has three cats, one of them an Abyssinian, a present from the James Joneses, whom she met in Paris. She keeps a permanent room in a small Left Bank hotel to which she returns every few months. "Paris is where I really live", she says.

Although proud of her hard but rewarding work as a model, Sam dislikes the blanket and often indiscriminate use of the word "model". Anyone meeting Sam is quick to agree she does not fit any preconception.

After harboring a lifelong ambition to act in movies, having traveled the length and breadth of the world, Sam took her first steps before the motion picture cameras in Montreal's quaint mid-Victorian Laval Street.

Those who are looking forward to seeing those first steps in "Wait Until Dark" will have to wait until fall.

And, men, that's **Miss** Sam Jones.



I • A • W O M A N

No one will deny that there is a line where "pornography" and "art" meet, mesh, and overlap. In a period of time in which old values have been forsaken to be replaced by a melange of confused liberal and conservative leanings, it is commonplace to read of semantic debate in our law courts over "prurient interest" or of a local morality board casting into the muddy waters of smut vs. art. The 50's and 60's are decades in which the hydra-headed monster of the censorship problem has settled rather securely into the American consciousness so that an individual must by force attempt to unravel its entangled tentacles and take a stand. There is a constant choice to be made and no firm guide lines from which to choose. Each new debateable book, play, or film that sees the light of day constitutes a fresh challenge, and the birth rate of such controversial material is not likely to dwindle precisely because of this significant, if unstable, liberal wedge that has been opened up in the American consciousness.

Certainly the advent of a foreign film market in the United States and the corresponding growth of the art film house in cities across the continent has had considerable influence in forcing the complacent American to come to grips with what he considers acceptable and what he does not. Choice after choice must be made. There can be no blanket acceptance of foreign films on the subject of sex with the customary catch words of "sophisticated" and "mature" or "brutal" and "realistic" or "tender" and "frank". Nor can there be auto-

/ **By MARTIUS L. ELMORE**

matic rejection of said films because of undue nudity or excessive explicitness about bodily functions or the sexual act.

The recent Swedish-Danish import, *I A Woman*, having weathered pockets of local opposition, raises the question once more of aesthetic integrity vs. blatant audience titillation, for this shaky dichotomy seems to be the only reasonably credible criterion which we have. This sharply stenciled portrait of Woman and Man, all searching looks and "significant" closeups, by now can be labeled a typically Nordic product for better or for worse. It is replete with its own particular brand of heavy symbolism, remindful of its better known Swedish counterparts in its insistence on the importance of these symbols, and is particularly reminiscent of *Dear John* in its heavy reliance on flashback. If of such things art be made, then director Mac Ahlberg's testimony to sexuality is perhaps defensible within the criterion laid down.

Of these two elements of possible artistic merit, the pretentious symbolism of *I A Woman* is the

An Appraisal Of A Controversial Film

least commendable. In that the "symbols" of this film are not abstract but rather representational images involving human figures in certain situations, one expects rather tangible results. In the early stages of the film when the machinery of flashback is most noticeable because most unfamiliar, the viewer is force fed with three such images in the form of recurrent flash cuts of varying lengths that are indeed interesting as sign posts for moves back and forth between past and present. Their frequent repetition, however, soon makes them gratuitous. Those images that are the most portentous are the least successful. The viewer is forced into regarding them as something more than rather startling touchstones of time. Nor does the repetition let one simply accept them as spontaneous quirks of the heroine Siv's mind as she sits in front of her apartment mirror luxuriating over the thought of her date's arrival at 10 o'clock.

The recurrent images then must be pregnant with meaning. Unfortunately they prove to be only faintly suggestive of meaning. Their shallowness does not justify their constant repetition.

Image number one—that of a group of shag haired Nordic Beatles performing in close-up on Siv's apartment TV—is the most justified of the three in that it touches on the story-line from the outside and does not in itself consist of the main characters of the film. There can be very little significance in it other than as an interesting bridge to Siv's recollection of her youthful participation in small, lazy, hand clapping revival sessions of the religious sect to which her family belonged. The pop combo also serves as a convenient re-entrance into the present. If only one can keep from trying to make any talismanic connection between the mildly manic singers and image number two, the increasingly excitable revival singers.

Image number two is exciting and interruptive in its early appearances, but the symbolic freight it is apparently meant to carry is never fully realized. The impassioned parishioners suddenly interpolated into the film and soundtrack prove finally to be laughable—at least to American audiences. And what of the significance of this scene? . . . young, inexperienced Siv cheerfully twanging away at her guitar, her equally young, seriously idealistic fiancé laboring dutifully over his, Siv's father present at these functions accompanied by his pathetic wife but unmoved by the proceedings. All of these "highlights" are perfectly valid, if one is able to take the whole thing seriously, but they lead absolutely nowhere. The film simply does not in any significant way develop the potential themes present in this recurrent image. We end with a partially obscured ink blot which reveals very little—Siv's early life perhaps split between religious and aesthetic leanings?

Siv's father is the enigmatic Norse who blocks further analysis of Siv's background. Throughout the film, considerable emphasis is placed on Siv's affinity with her father, but there is nothing more than a symbolic shadow to go on. He cannot function satisfactorily as a symbol unless we know something about him. He is unmoved by his family's

religious zealotry; he admires Siv's beauty (in his death bed scene) and he is an accomplished violinist. Find the thread of connection if you will. It is as a frustrated concert violinist (is he?) that he takes his place as recurrent image number three—shadowy background, shiny violin played with passion and poignancy intercut for varying time spans. This is how Siv remembers her father, but where does this remembrance lead? Is it some statement that Siv has a musical soul inherited from her father and therefore she can't be all bad?

Verbalizing a symbolic image, of course, can be a damaging and deflating practice—especially in film where the primary impact is visual. Even moderately close scrutiny of the recurrent images in this film, however, must find their redundancy misleading because in the end they prove to be basically superficial. At this point, Director Ahlberg's artistic integrity is in question. These images might easily be interpreted as sops to the serious film goer who might want to see *I A Woman*. I prefer to think that Ahlberg misjudged in his development of these images because of what I feel is the artistry and integrity of the portrayal of Siv as an individual without any particular regard for her background.

Only when his purpose is limited or when a direct parallel is drawn between present action and retrospect are these devices truly effective. For instance, when Siv is in the throes of her first real sexual experience, an obvious but tenuous parallel is emphasized when the film cuts from Siv in passionate heat to a young lass, sweat upon her brow, becoming swooningly excited during the revival song fest "back home". As soon as one goes beyond this parallel, however, he is in a morass, for the robust young church goer would be inexplicable without the other revival frames which ostensibly have a connection with Siv's turning out the way she did.

Entwined with the imagery is the film's real *modus operandi*, its use of flashback to detail Siv's progression from man to man. Not that the mixing of past and present is in itself anything original or daring, but the film does emerge as a fluid amalgam of life within the horizontal plane of a few short hours.

The images in the film do operate very effectively as signals of time—if not as symbols. As the passage of past time more nearly approaches that of the film's present, however, director Ahlberg chooses to build toward the cold disaster of Siv's final "love affair" by borrowing bits of dialogue from preceding episodes for counterpoint. Despite the heaviness of this technique, such specific verbal statements do tighten the film around the ironic ending. Siv's experiences suddenly take on direction and urgency. One is jarred into realizing that Siv's life has moved inevitably to this conclusion. Her most recent pickup is interested in short order, brutal sex and is wary of any marriage entanglements. We are forcibly struck with what has motivated Siv in all her relationships with men. Her own "masculine" avoidance of marriage has turned back on her as she tries to delay her anonymous man-of-the-hour for the harmless and loving play which has been customary in her previous attachments. She can only laugh at the irony.

As forceful as this zeroing in on the end may be, Ahlberg's direction is most satisfying aesthetically when the film is totally in the past—in the second quarter of the film when the mechanics of moving to and from the past are no longer necessary and in the third quarter of the film when the episodes appear as separate sequences in a recognizable chronological flow. His technical assurance is most notable in the juxtaposition of past time between Siv's experiences with her youthful boyfriend and with her first real lover, Heinz Gersten. His feel for character nuance and interplay of personalities is the most unerring when he takes the time to develop them within a set series of uninterrupted frames.

Ahlberg's display of Siv's earliest memories is done with consummate skill, the more effective because it is done unpretentiously. The movement is not erratic and fragmentary but rather smooth and effortless, most often suggested by some action, event, or statement carried over from one scene to another. Sometimes chronological time is accurately dovetailed from hour to hour as Siv fluctuates from her pompous and demanding fiancé to the hare eyed middle aged lecher Gersten, and back . . . coming in late, drenched from the rain to meet her fiancé, then chatting suggestively with

Gersten in his hospital room as she fluffs and shapes her freshly dried hair before the mirror. At other times there is an unspecified lapse of time compressed from one sequence of film to another as when Gerstein, still the invalid voyeur at this early state, asks Siv for some photographs of her in the nude. In the frames immediately following—certainly not the same day or even the next—Siv coyly suggests to her fiancé during a walk in the woods that he take some snapshots—fiancé hungrily posing the camera, and then immediately back to the hospital room with the developed prints and Siv waiting anxiously for the connoisseur's verdict.

Then, despite an acknowledged unevenness of technique, *I A Woman* seems to exhibit enough technical and artistic merit to at least justify serious consideration. The shell is for the most part acceptable. But we are now on dangerous ground; what of the subject matter? Even though effective stylistically, the recurrent images have failed to justify themselves; they seem only taken gestures—no matter how often repeated—toward providing motivation and explanation, and the interesting compression of time may simply serve to cast a false patina on what otherwise is flagrant sex sensationalism.

The ultimate integrity of the film lies in the attentive care lavished by the director on delineating the character of Siv and in the ability of the actress who portrays her to project the essence of the young woman exactly. Siv's smoldering sensuality, her langorous narcissism, and her desire for varied sexual fulfillment are constants throughout the film, and yet one watches her story unfold in a completely natural, even charming manner. This is no hag-ridden, hardened whore in the making. This is no doctrinaire "Maggie" forced into a life of sin by social conditions nor is she a corrupted connoisseur of sexual deviation appropriate to Mai Zetterling's heavy handed *Night Games*. Siv is simply a girl captivated by sexual pleasure who lives from seduction to seduction in a sort of settled glow of excitement.

But as Essy Persson plays Siv, any description of her performance proves too lurid. Miss Persson is a startling composite of contradictions. She exudes

sex in the most casual move of her body, and yet she is tall, quite thin, even angular. The forward thrust of her none-too-full breasts, the casual, free swinging lope of her body suggest freedom and love of the physical. Calculated these movements have to be, and yet somehow natural and spontaneous. She is not beautiful, but she possesses an immensely interesting face. At certain angles, in certain shadows, her long nose is accentuated and she comes across as a statuesque Rita Tushingham. In soft focus, full face, she can be breathtakingly pretty, remindful of Diane Baker. The viewer is forced to examine her face through constant close-ups, and the experience is fascinating. One is watching a human being—this particular child-woman joyfully succumbing to her impulses—not a cardboard mannequin or for that matter a pre-conditioned sex goddess. I have a feeling that Miss Persson accomplishes all this by just being Miss Persson.

An interesting problem concerning the film's integrity arises if there is a question of the leading actress merely playing herself. The director may deliberately work across the grain of an actress in order to obtain a highly brittle ironic effect or he may choose to adapt the story's character to the personality of the actress—either according to plan or extemporaneously. If extemporaneously, the net result may be something like Godard's testimonials to his wife, Anna Karina. It is impossible to depict the exact creative process and to determine relative contributions between an actress and her director, but no matter the procedure, the combination or synthesis of talents in this film is well nigh perfect—enough to elevate *A Woman* at least to the level of its more formidable counterparts in the canon of frank Nordic cinema and certainly beyond its own ill fated attempts at meaningful symbolism.

The fascination of the character Siv lies in the veiled, bemused ambivalence with which her underlying eroticism is projected. We grimace when her loving nature is supposedly taken advantage of. She is, after all, seduced in the grand manner by the middle aged antique dealer, and her stiff necked lover from the merchant marine does treat

Continued on Page 19

cinecity

THE "NEW CINEMA"

cinema

Toronto—

In a business which hasn't changed much in chemistry or procedure in the past 25 or 30 years, Toronto's new Cinecity is hitting the motion picture scene with far-out, prismatic effect. Organizers of the new house which opened in converted mid-town Postal Station F describe their 300-seater as Toronto's newest and most adventurous art movie theatre, reflecting "the dynamic new cinema of the Sixties".

Cinecity flecks its promotional prose with terms like "offbeat, avant-garde and total environment mixed media productions". It opened with a Canadian premiere of Alain Renais' *La Guerre est finie*, a conventional 35 mm. release but in time, through the New Cinema Club, will hold special 16 mm. showings of experimental films, including the Andy Warhol-type "undergrounds."

Organizationally, Cinecity is an interesting blend of traditional, intellectually inclined administrators at the top and earnest young Bohemian, doing the joe jobs. President of Cinecity is a bearded investment dealer, David Fry, assisted by lawyer Willem Poolman as vice-president. Their executive positions are reversed in Film Canada Presentations Ltd., the distribution company which is linked corporately with Cinecity and will supply the product.

In time, Cinecity hopes to fit its second-floor area as a workshop "creative centre for the cinematic arts", developing from interim symposiums, panel discussions and special showings for New Cinema Club members to be held in the existing auditorium where 16 mm. equipment is available, along with 35 mm.

Of the theatre itself, President Fry says: "There is certainly a demand for something like Cinecity in Toronto. There will be every opportunity to attract the right kind of audience, the more cosmopolitan public, together with the university population who are themselves becoming increasingly involved in the creative aspects of movie-making today."

Regarding the role of the Cinema Club, Secretary Webb maintains: "Film is the new art form of our century. Many people are now making 16 mm. movies and among them will be the significant film-makers of the future. Cinecity will give them the chance to grow and develop by offering them support and an outlet for their work; and by bringing them together with knowledgeable and responsive audiences."

KEN HOLMAN *reports . . .*

“CHUKA”



(Starring Rod Taylor, Ernest Borgnine, John Mills, James Whitmore and a few other used-to-be-greats.)

This could have been a good western ranking with the best, but, due to poor acting and cutting corners on production, it fails to place in anything but a "B" movie category.

It is about a gunfighter called "Chuka" played by Rod Taylor who rides upon a stage coach that has thrown a wheel in a sand storm. When he gets off his horse to help, he discovers that among the passengers is the ex-love of his life who supposedly when they were younger would not disobey her father's wishes and marry Chuka. Anyway, they go to a fort in the middle of Indian Territory commanded by a colonel, slightly mad, played by John Mills. His characterization of this role reminds one of the part he portrayed in the Tunes of Glory. The Indians, by the way, are on the war path because the colonel won't give them food or the guns and ammunition to hunt. The colonel apparently is made because of the loss of his manhood while serving in the British Army.

He apparently tried to rescue a raw recruit (Ernest Borgnine) and falls into the hands of the natives who go to work on him with knives.

Borgnine plays the part of a tough sergeant and, according to the publicity build-up, has the strength of ten which I failed to witness a display of in the movie. Well anyway, Borgnine's beligerence towards Taylor results in what starts out to be a well staged fight scene, but the stunt director couldn't resist reverting to the old ending so commonly seen in professional wrestling, where the two combatants, totally exhausted after

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knocking each other about are facing each other on their knees each taking a clout at one another, waiting their turn after each blow is struck. This is out and out phoney and too well used to be convincing no matter how well the fight scene is directed. Can you see yourself calmly kneeling on the ground and letting the likes of Ernie Borgnine or Rod Taylor belt you without even an attempt at blocking the punch? NO! Well, neither can I.

The most convincing characterization in the movie is the part of the slovenly old Scout, Trent, played by James Whitmore. Sort of a vintage characterization of the one he played as the tobacco chewing sergeant in the war movies with Van Johnson (the title escapes me).

He is, in the course of events, captured by the Indians. Taylor rescues him and in this sequence the movie is cheapened by the use of some footage from another western. The difference is remarkably clear as the colour is poor and blurred. I dislike this practice and it very seldom goes unnoticed due to the difference in quality.

The fort is eventually attacked by the Indians, under a chief who looks too much like the Italian he is to be convincing. This is another bone of contention with me. There are many good actors in movies who would do at times, play good Indians that look like Indians, such as Charles Bronson, the late Jeff Chandler as Cochise, "Iron Eyes" Cody, who is an Indian, Jay Silverheels,

also an Indian and a Canadian at that, why then do they continue to use ones that in no way resemble an Indian.

Back to the plot. As I was saying, the fort is attacked and overrun due to the fact that the soldiers are outnumbered.

In the end, Taylor's sweetheart, who is again his after giving herself to him in the hay loft of the fort the night before the attack, is killed and in a blind rage he fires madly knocking over redman left and right with shots that if the gun had been loaded with real ammunition, he would have shot off some part of his anatomy. An Indian then throws a lance which pierces his body through the side. He forces it out using his pistol as a brace to force it out and crawls under the stairs leading to the battlements and tries to protect his sweetheart's charge who is still alive. The Indians storm the fort, load wagons and horses with food, guns and ammunition, killing the wounded as they go but failing to discover the two whites hiding under the stairs. The chief is the last to leave the fort and as he turns, he spies Taylor pointing his six-shooter with bullets visible in the chambers, at him. Suddenly, he turns the pistol to the head of the girl he is shielding. The Chief stares and then rides out of the fort.

This is the part that has led to some confusion. Here we flash ahead now as the rescuing troops are cleaning up the dead for burial. The commanding officer says in his report that he is dictating that there is already one fresh grave marked with a cross inside the fort. He says he doesn't wish to commit a sacrilege to see if it is male or female, so we don't know who is buried there. A movie critic, who I very much admire, wrote in his review that this is supposedly the grave of Taylor. I dispute this, I think it is the grave of Taylor's sweetheart killed earlier by an arrow. I think Taylor and the girl lived perhaps so there can be a sequel to this movie. After all, any man who can still stand after being pierced by a spear and then proceed to force it back out the way it came can surely recover from his wounds sufficiently to make another movie.

All in all, if you like "B" westerns you will get some enjoyment out of this, but it falls far short of the Epic Western it was meant to be.

A little postscript here: Taylor, who is starring in Warner Bros. Hotel is supposed to have injured his leg seriously while filming a scene where he rescues people from an elevator that is about to crash. He is said to have to walk with a limp the rest of his life. I hope they are wrong because he is a fine actor in the right film.



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her in a blunt and proprietary manner. During the first lingering scene in the sailor's depressing flat, however, actress and director add a subtle dimension to the character of Siv. Lars Tomsen, the sailor, is obviously smitten with Siv, but in a misguided attempt at humor, he plays the cavalier and summons Siv to his bed as he would call a dog. The play comes off as gross and far from humorous, but rather than make an issue of his callousness, Siv jokingly laughs it off and rushes to bite him mock ferociously. It becomes quite clear that Siv is not really being taken advantage of. She takes such pleasure in the entire courtship procedure and in putting herself at the disposal of the man of the moment that she is not above demeaning herself momentarily to achieve the desired end result.

If Siv is not a victim, save in the liaison which starts and ends the film, then how is it that she comes across the screen so sympathetically? It is the male partner in each of the flashback romances who is left shaken, not Siv. It is only in sexual embrace that Siv truly lives. Ultimately the partner does not matter. To portray such a person in a seriously sympathetic fashion without the crutch of medical, psychiatric, or sociological explanation is no easy task. An alternative is to abandon any pretense to seriousness and to string a group of sex experiences together for their own sake. It seems to me that *I A Woman* avoids both these alternatives—perhaps by default since we do have the clumsy attempts at meaningful symbolism in the early portion of the film.

The symbolism becomes extraneous for the best of reasons, however. The viewer gradually becomes aware that Siv is acting naturally, even ingenuously in her delight over the romantic trappings of each affair. The implication is growing that she has a right to seek this pleasure and gratification because she is the way she is, and for no other reason. Siv is never selfish with her men—never taking without giving pleasure in return. The closest she comes to being underhanded is when she procures her nude pictures for Gersten through the offices of her fiancé. And this is done only because

her fiance has proven such a stick and she finds that she has aroused sexual excitement in Gersten. In fact, she is pleasantly surprised when her childhood sweetheart finally in sudden passion does put his intellectualized sexual knowledge into action. But by then it is too late.

Hence, even at this early point in the film, Siv's sexual drives have opened up into ambiguities of which she is largely unaware. And throughout the rest of the film the viewer is forced to accept or reject Siv on her own terms. Her fiance's pompous reserve is finally shattered and he disappears from sight. The natural and spontaneous Siv has overcome his hypocrisy, but he has held out too long. Worse luck for him. As a nubile nurse-in-training she catches the lecherous eye of her first patient. She is sexually fulfilled, continues to meet him clandestinely, but it is he who is entrapped and wants to divorce his wife and marry Siv. Even in the present of the film, Siv rejects him perfunctorily over the phone because she is enthralled with the prospects of her next conquest. Siv enjoys the company of her simple sailor lover but is amused and surprised when, after a long absence, he clumsily suggests that she keep his borrowed kimono and that she arrange with him to meet his parents. He flares at Siv's rejection of his proposal and throws her out, but Siv leaves with considerable aplomb, flicking his apartment keys to the floor and straight into the next easy mutual seduction with the young doctor for whom she is operating room nurse.

Although there is no firmly established pattern or step-by-step deterioration of Siv's love affairs up to this point, this particular romance may be considered the most crucial of the film. This is still a love match as differentiated from the final crassly physical pick up, but in this affair Siv is used in a most smugly casual way and thus is forced to use her sexual power most blatantly. The viewer has come gradually to the realization that Siv's natural expression of sexual desire, no matter how fetchingly or spontaneously evinced, no matter how pleasurable and "right" for her it is, cannot survive without being taken advantage of.

Her charm never falters, however. In this most chillingly physical relationship in the film's past,

we have ironically its two most beguiling scenes, ambivalent in themselves since overt sexual hunger is portrayed in such a light, teasing vein. What "cuter" scene than Siv, bikini clad and numb with the cold, petulantly tossing pebbles at her doctor to distract him from his preoccupation with the manly sport of fishing! The scene builds to an astonishing climax when Siv, fit-to-be-tied, in little girl manner unties her bikini top, emits her tongue in the distinct challenge of a silent raspberry, and they are off for a breathtaking chase through the woods, which ends in panting physical desire. This is followed shortly by the set piece in which the doctor grudgingly tells Siv that he is going to become an honest man and marry another girl whom he has impregnated. The doctor is an arrogant, unpleasant young man. One gets the feeling that he has used Siv, but it is patently clear that her confidence has not been broken and that she is vastly more content with her new position than she would be if she were the bride-to-be. In response to his statement, Siv, glorying in her own seductiveness, stupefies the doctor with a slow strip tease complete with sound track bump and grind music. Ahlberg and Persson develop the scene with just enough hokum so that this obvious attempt at stimulating a reluctant lover is more humorous and graceful than degenerate. The doctor is captivated by sheer sensual pleasure and so are we. He will not easily forget Siv, nor will we.

Thus Siv prepares for her latest conquest with concealed but turbulent excitement only to have it end in ironic defeat. Her laughter at the end seems uncontrolled for the moment but not quite hysterical. The ambivalence of Siv is partly in our attitudes toward such a woman and partly in the ambiguity of her relationship with men. The realization of this ambiguity is not likely to change her one jot, for she herself, after all, has been consistent throughout.

Considered in the light of the discussion above, *I A Woman* is basically an honest film and is therefore acceptable as such. It offers a portrait of a free spirit trapped by a perverse double standard. It espouses no causes that I can see. Despite the possible implication of its title, the film does not necessarily represent Womanhood; it is, after all,

I who am a woman; it is Siv. She is a type of woman, if you will—one to be considered seriously. To consider Siv seriously is to be disturbed, for have we not seen a portrait of a nymphomaniac as a human being? Just that, nothing more. And as a portrait of a nymphomaniac, it should not be considered suitable material for those whom we would exclude from awareness of nymphomania by virtue of age or immaturity. The current practice in this country—as inconsistent and polyglot as it may be—of labeling a film adult entertainment would take care of the age factor. As for the person of age who leaves the film in the same superficially lascivious frame of mind with which he quite probably entered the theater, this seems to me no problem at all. It is his reaction and he is entitled to it. Finally, objection to specific scenes as unduly explicit, suggestive or whatever seem to me obviated by serious consideration of what the film is. A small incident in the film will serve to illustrate. While in her sailor friend's apartment for the first time, Siv's almost triumphant biting down on a long sausage is indeed grossly phallic, but this action is totally consistent with Siv's eruptive sensuality as it has been developed in the film.

In this article there has been no attempt to raise *I A Woman* to some pinnacle of artistic acceptability. It is by no means a great film. If I seem to have adopted the film as a cause celebre, it is mainly to illustrate my strong feeling that any controversial film or book must be considered seriously by every individual who approaches it before it can ultimately be accepted or rejected. It is one of the functions of the critic to subject this material to the closest scrutiny in order to aid the individual in making a judgement.

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Mr. Martius L. Elmore is Assistant Professor of English, Manchester Community College, Manchester, Ohio.

BONN GOVERNMENT

to rescue

W. German *Film Industry*

BONN—

The Bonn Government is riding to the rescue of West Germany's motion picture industry.

The Bundestag, the lower House of Parliament, has approved a law to provide financial assistance to films. Subsidies of up to \$37,500 would be made for each feature film produced by West German film-makers.

Financial aid also would be provided for technical development of the West German cinema, and for advertising German movies at home and abroad.

There is wide agreement in and out of the Bundestag that the West German motion picture industry is a disaster area. Both the quality and the quantity of once resplendent German cinema has sagged badly in the postwar years.

There is the glimmering of a renaissance lately. Several young producers and directors have won critical and box-office favour with such movies as "Abschied von Gestern", "Mahlzeiten" and "Wilde Reiter GmbH".



But the bulk of the movies turned out here still consist of second-rate gangster films, insipid musicals and ersatz Westerns.

Only 27 purely German-made films were produced in this country last year, compared with 170 a decade ago. In the same period, the number of movie houses has fallen from 6,000 to somewhat over 3,500. Well over half the films shown in West German theaters today come from the United States.

At the Geiseltal, the vast studio outside of Munich that once was known as the "Hollywood of Bavaria," not a single feature film was made last year.

One of West Germany's foremost film critics, Karl Kaesbach, believes that the industry has been paying a price for the Hitler years. The Nazis, he said, created a vacuum in the German cinema by driving away the people, many of them Jews, who represented artistic and technical ability. If it were not for Hitler, he noted, men like Billy Wilder or Sam Spiegel would still be producing and directing movies in Germany.

"However, there is wide agreement that the talent for making good pictures exists in West Germany today.

What is needed most of all now, in the view of most observers, is money.



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Vol. 4 No. 1 (16) 1967

ODEON-HIGHLAND *Theatre*

YONGE AT ST. CLAIR AVENUE - TORONTO

exhibition

june-july 1967

DON CHASE



OIL PAINTINGS

RESIDENCE:

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Films on Education

The Ohio State University, Department of Photography, has created, over the past three years, a series of motion pictures for the United States Office of Education. The films deal with the theory, practice, and history of communicative and educational media. Filmed on coast to coast location, the films document the problems of mass communication, classroom communication, and inter-cultural understanding. Current methods of solving these problems are shown with special emphasis given to the insights of such men as Edgar Dale, James D. Finn, George Gerbner, Marshall McLuhan, Wilbur Schramm, Gilbert Seldes, and Kenneth Norberg.

A Series of Motion Picture Documents on Communication Theory and New Educational Media contains four major films. They are: "The Information Explosion", "The Process of Communication", "Perception and Communication", and "Teacher and Technology". Four other films, shorter in length, supplement these films by providing background and depth.

Within the total framework of the principal films lie thirty-one short, documentary episodes. The potential user can show these episodes individually or, by use of a simple, tape-splicing technique, regroup and edit them to suit his own specialized, instructional needs. This technique of juxtaposition insures maximum utilization of this particular series and creates a new pattern of film usage within the audio-visual medium as a whole.

The films were designed for use by those specializing in the field of education or communication or those whose work requires a special insight into either. They demonstrate, in particular, current uses of the new educational technology in school administration, teacher-training programs, and classroom situations. This same technology is seen in governmental, industrial, and professional settings.

The ultimate value and significance of these films depends on the user—his grasp of the total film content, his free and creative use of film juxtaposition, and finally, his insight into the potential of the medium itself.

Detailed information on the films is found below.

These films are available from: Film Distribution Supervisor, The Ohio State University, Motion Picture Division, 1885 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43210.

Length: 4 Hours and 10 Minutes. Purchase Price of Entire Package:

\$320.00 (Includes Reels, Cans, and Utilization Manual). Preview Price: **\$50.00** Per Week (The films are not available for rent).

THE INFORMATION EXPLOSION

B&W with color segments. Time: 34:20. Purchase Price: **\$55.00**

This film suggests the spirit of the revolution in human communication that has made it possible for any information, verbal or pictorial, to be stored, duplicated, transferred, or transformed, distributed and received over distances with speeds unimagined a few decades ago. It is concerned with how this flood of information may be responsibly utilized and processed, and how this information affects the lives of children. Featured are Edgar Dale, Wilbur Schramm, Gilbert Seldes, Marshall McLuhan, Keith Tyler, and others. Segments include a Kennedy press conference; an executive briefing session in an industrial setting; the Ohio medical, radio network with Dr. Albert Sabin; and interviews with children on the media of communication.

THE PROCESS OF COMMUNICATION

B&W with color segments. Time: 45:33. Purchase Price: **\$60.00**

Exploring the process of communication, this film begins with an animated theoretical model of the communication process. Sequences follow which progressively elaborate and illuminate this process. Illustrations are drawn from industry training models; military models taken at the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth; school administrator's training at the Ohio State University Council on Educational Administration; teacher-training with the Kersh simulator at the University of Oregon; and computer-based systems (P.L.A.T.O. and S.O.C.R.A.T.E.S.) at the University of Illinois. George Gerbner, Dean of the Annenberg School of Communication, Lawrence Stolurow, Donald Bitzer, Bert Kersh, and others comment about the foregoing models of communication.

PERCEPTION AND COMMUNICATION

B&W with color segment. Time: 32:00. Purchase Price: **\$50.00**

This film is a series of concrete examples of how human perceptions affect the communication process and the individual's concept of reality. Two major theories of perception—the cognitive and the transactional—are introduced, each being illustrated in varying degrees by the following sequences: perception in the pre-school child and the blind child; contrasting theories of perception by psychologists James Gibson and Hadley Cantril; perception in relation to training in industry; perception and Peace Corps training; and perception and the Headstart Program. Comments by Kenneth Norberg of Sacramento State College relate these aspects of perception to the classroom.

THE TEACHER AND TECHNOLOGY

B&W. Time: 49:10. Purchase Price: **\$60.00**

The beginnings and history of the impact of technology on education are traced in the opening sequences of this film. A series of pictorially-docu-

mented programs follow which illustrate some of the ways in which technology is being used to meet the dual problems of masses of students and the need for individualized instruction. Sequences include the Air Force Academy's teacher-centered television program; amplified telephone as used at Stephens College; Brigham Young University's continuous progress school; John Marshall High School, a computer-based program; the Valley Winds Elementary School media program—how it relates to a concept of curriculum; the Instructional Resources Center at the University of Miami, Florida; the Ohio State University's dial-access teaching system; and a look at the school of tomorrow and the teacher of tomorrow. James Finn of the University of Southern California pulls some of the main ideas together in on-camera statements.

COMMUNICATION CONFERENCE

B&W. Time: 30:50. Purchase Price: \$35.00

An informal discussion film centering on media in education; the influence of conceptual factors in our interpretation of media and events; and the changing role of the teacher brought about by the increase in the applications of instructional technology. Features James Finn, George Gerbner, Edgar Dale, Franklin Knowler, Charles Hoban and Kenneth Norberg.

THE COMMUNICATIONS REVOLUTION

B&W. Time: 21:35. Purchase Price: \$30.00

Presents Edgar Dale, Marshall McLuhan, Gilbert Seldes, and I. Keith Tyler in a lively discussion of the impact of the information explosion and the mass media of communication on Western civilization. McLuhan talks on "cool" and "hot" media of a global culture made possible by radio. Questions are raised of a new distribution of power through a redistribution of information and the inevitable need for discrimination in teaching media.

TEACHING MACHINES AND SIDNEY PRESSEY

B&W. Time: 11:45. Purchase Price: \$20.00

Presents a portrait of Sidney Pressey, Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the Ohio State University, and the historic teaching machine he invented in 1925. The film comments are different forms of programmed instruction and concludes with a prediction by Pressey about the relation of automated instruction and the role of the teacher.

MUSIC RESEARCH

B&W. Time: 23:50. Purchase Price: \$25.00

Teaches the application of educational technology to a creative skill, music. Part I centers on Dr. Charles Spohn's music laboratory at the Ohio State University. Part II shows children at the Leslie Elementary School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, using a keyboard-oriented teaching machine, developed by Dr. Edward Maltzman, to learn the basic skills of music. Comments by Dr. B. F. Skinner conclude this film.



RON RIEDER

in *Hollywood*

HALLO FROM GLAMOURTOWN: The buzz up and down Hllywd Bl. is about secret negotiations between a top filmmaker and a certain member of the British Royal Family. It's reported an announcement is near for that person to play himself in a picture about presentday life in Great Britain. Chief opposition, of course, is coming from Queen Elizabeth herself. She still could nix the pic.

Daniel Massey, son of Canadian-born Raymond Massey and nephew of former Canadian Gov.-Gen. Vincent, portrays Noel Coward in the forthcoming Robert Wise production "Star" which went before the cameras at 20th Century-Fox in March. Julie Andrews plays the title role in the film based on the life of Gertrude Lawrence.

Mary Tyler Moore and Robert Wagner will have their names on theatre marquees in a new picture which will be billed like this: "don't just STAND there."

It's a winner for sexy Jane Fonda (see pic). Her newest starrer is "Hurry Sundown" at Paramount. Henry's little girl rises to this difficult role. Our only complaint is the length (two and a half hours). The controversial Negro-White question is treated well. Otto Preminger also gets a fine performance from Faye Dunaway (see pic). Michael Caine out of England continues his rapid rise.

Mia Sinatra (nee Farrow) is in London for

shooting of "Dandy In Aspic" while Frank takes off for Florida to do "The Shamus."

Heidy Hunt (she's from Toronto) still is brushing the sand from her hair after being the only woman in "Tobruk," a Rock Hudson starrer.

Danish actress Inger Stratton strips off all her clothes in front of Frank Sinatra for a scene in Warner Bros. "The Naked Runner," but director Sidney J. Furie (a Canadian boy really showing his stuff) didn't permit one still photo to be taken. "This is a serious exciting psychological drama," Furie explained. "The fact that Inger entices Frank by undressing in front of him is an integral part of the plot. The scene was not inserted so the public would think the picture has a sex basis and we're not going to sell it that way."—Oh ya!

Quebec-born Glen Ford (see pic) told me at the opening of his latest "Rage" that he still prefers the oatburners and will continue making them as long as the public continues to shell out at the box office.

According to Jill St. John, starring in Universal's "Banning" with Canada's Susan Clark, there's just no way to please a man. "If you kiss them when they ask you," she reflects, "you're promiscuous. And if you don't, you're a prude!"

Winnipeg's Yvonne De Carlo has signed for a role in "Arizona Bushwackers."

Sexsational dancer Barrie Chase puts it simply: "My pelvic area is the most important part of my performance."

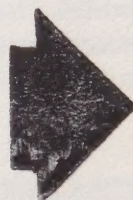
. . . that's the way i see it . . . rr

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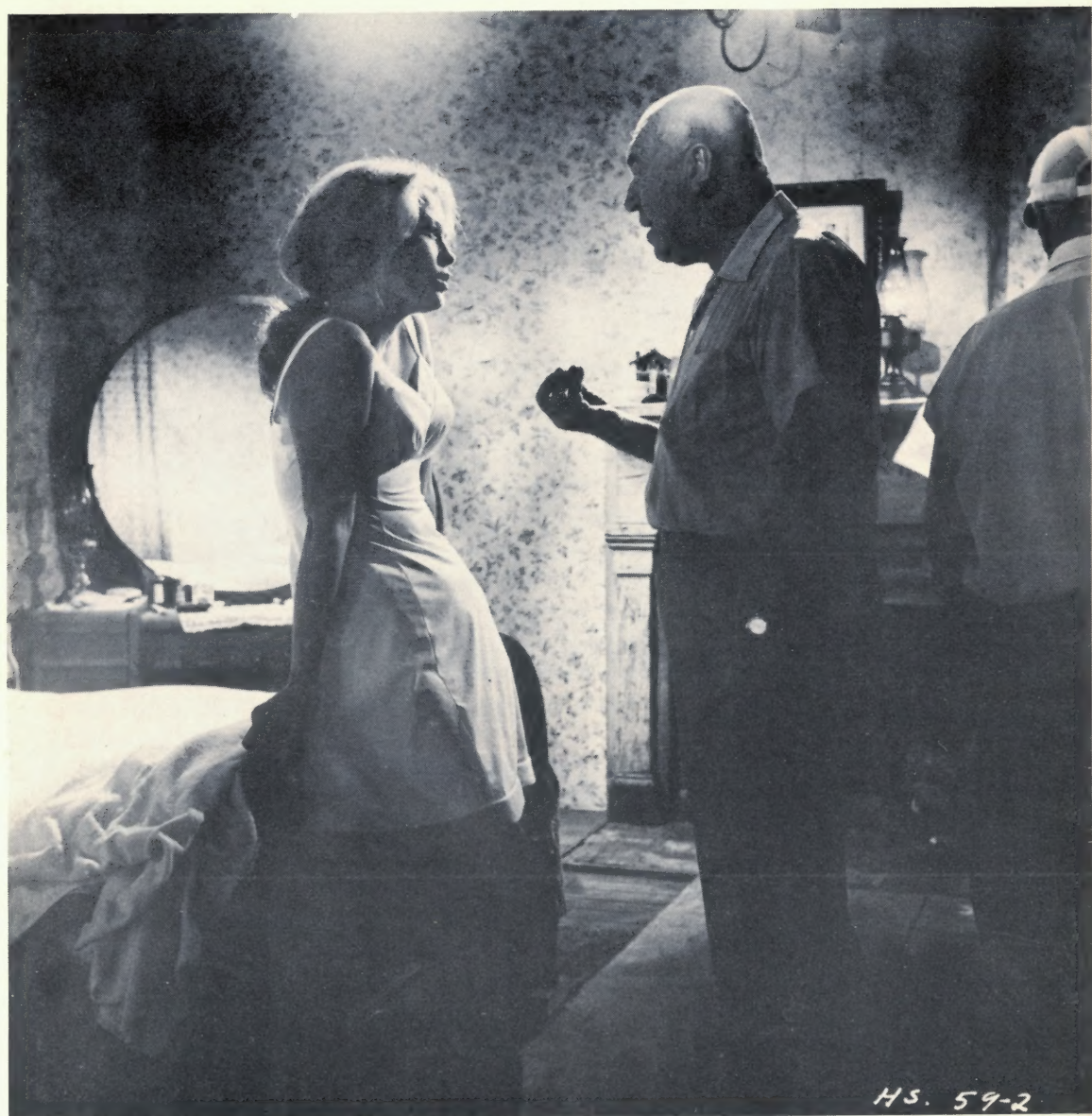
Jane Fonda & Michael Caine in "Hurry Sundown".

Bottom:

Ron Rieder visiting Glenn Ford.







**Otto Preminger rehearses a
scene with Faye Dunaway
for 'Hurry Sundown'**